

*American*  
**JUNIOR RED CROSS**  
*April 1925* **NEWS** *"I Serve"*



# THE GIRL ON THE COVER

**H**ER NAME IS DRAGA and Anna Milo Upjohn which could be seen the ruins of a tower where long ago the Bulgarians had hidden their treasure from the Greek Emperors of Constantinople. This was before the time of the Serbian Tzars who conquered Macedonia, or the Turks who took it from the Serbs.

One evening last summer she and her brother, Dushan, squatted on the kitchen floor eating their supper of stewed peppers smothered in clabbered milk, while their mother prepared the thick, sweet Turkish coffee over a stone brazier. Above them spread the hearthhood, dark and velvety as a bat's wing. Wisps of blue smoke from father's pipe floated toward it.

Of late many exciting things had happened. Father had come back from America with new clothes, a new language, and new ideas. Now the family sat silent in the grip of a great decision.

Dushan and Draga were to go to the American school in Monastir to learn English and other things not taught in their village. Father had been to town to make arrangements, and, since Dushan and Draga could show good reports from their home school, they were to be admitted on trial—Dushan as a day pupil, Draga as a boarder. Mother acquiesced bewildered, but her dark eyes lingered on Draga, who was her baby. She listened with considerable distrust to the tales of American women who went when and where they liked—even the girls went to and from school alone on street cars, carrying their books under their arms!

The preparations were finished. They were to start the next morning. It would be a three days' journey in the ox-cart, and provisions stood ready in the shape of baskets of grapes and cheese, and a great loaf of brown bread almost as big as a cart-wheel, wrapped in clean linen. The heavy white tunics with their flowered borders were folded between home-woven blankets.

After coffee, taking two baskets, Draga went to the stream which bounded down toward Lake Prespa to gather succulent leaves and grass for the goats. The village houses were deep ochre in color, some with jutting windows faced with turquoise blue. Above the walls, which shut the gardens from the street rose cypresses and matted vines and the wide tops of fig trees. Scarped blue mountains climbed behind the village and below it lay Lake Prespa, holding in its bright waters a tiny island on

garian Tzars had hidden their treasure from the Greek Emperors of Constantinople. This was before the time of the Serbian Tzars who conquered Macedonia, or the Turks who took it from the Serbs.

In this country Alexander the Great had lived as a boy, and since then it had known so many masters and was still claimed by so many nations that people continued to live in houses which turned fortress-like walls toward the street, and whose courtyard doors were barred at night with heavy stanchions.

Draga's home was one of these. All its doors and windows gave on the inner court. On the ground floor were stalled the oxen, the hens, and goats. Above the stables projected a wide veranda hung with gay Serbian rugs and strings of tobacco and beans. Below it the hollow of the court was piled with husked corn which glowed like a heap of gold when the sun struck it.

Draga's thoughts rushed back to it the next day as the ox-cart creaked through the sere and dusty country over a road which had once been a great Roman thoroughfare.

It was really a continuation of the famous Appian Way from Rome to Brindisi. There it disappeared in the Adriatic to emerge on the other side at Durazzo, in Albania, where it took on another name, Via Egnatia, and continued across country to Salonika. Mon-

astir, where Draga and Dushan were going to school, was the half-way station. The old Roman road was still the great highway, but the merchant caravans and the trampling legions had disappeared. Military trucks, white with dust, sometimes lumbered by, carrying stores to some outlying garrison, and the mail car was sure to be met sooner or later jacking up its wheels for new tires. For the most part people went by on foot or on donkey back, all burden laden.

There were brigands back in the hills. Sometimes they were disguised as Turkish women with long, black veils over their faces, their flowing garments concealing weapons. But people traveling in an ox-cart driven by a barefooted boy had nothing to fear. However, they spent the nights near some small village



*Taking two baskets, Draga went to gather leaves and grass for the goats*

# Supplement to Junior Red Cross News

## The Teacher's Page

By RUTH EVELYN HENDERSON

### GOVERNMENT PUBLICATIONS USEFUL TO TEACHERS

HOW many of us are taking full advantage of the help supplied by the United States Bureau of Education? This service at the disposal of all teachers is accurately described in the foreword to Bulletin, 1924, No. 23, entitled *Government Publications Useful to Teachers*, which may be procured from the Superintendent of Documents, Government Printing Office, Washington, D. C., at ten cents per copy. The preface says:

"A growing tendency to supplement textbooks with source and other reference materials in the teaching process is evident in the United States. It is a good tendency. Pupils should learn the primary sources of information. They should learn to approach problems from different viewpoints. They should have access to details such as no text can furnish when attempting to solve certain types of problems. . . .

"Cost is a limiting factor of the first magnitude in the effort of many schools to assemble for classroom use adequate supplementary teaching material.

"Reliability of information, freedom from misleading propaganda, and harmony of intent with American ideals, especially in the fields of government and civics, are of fundamental concern to those who select instructional materials for use in the public schools. . . .

"It is felt, therefore, that teachers will welcome a source of supplementary teaching materials which provides (1) reliability of information, (2) costs which are little or nothing, and (3) surety that the viewpoint presented is free from bias and in keeping with American ideals. . . .

"The Government of the United States . . . employs thousands of scientists who are engaged the year round in researches and investigations covering every phase of American life. The results of these activities are constantly reduced to print and poured in an incessant flood from the Government Printing Office at Washington, the largest printing plant in the world."

The bulletin includes the *Price Lists* which will be supplied to teachers free and which are in reality valuable bibliographies on a variety of subjects. It describes, as well, the type of material made available through the Library of Congress, and government Departments of the Treasury, War, Post Office, Navy, Interior (including geological surveys, reclamation, mines, etc.), Agriculture (including farm-management, weather bureau, animal industry, forest service, public roads), Commerce (including census statistics, weights and measures, fisheries, coast surveys), Labor (statistics, laws, immigration, children's bureau, naturalization, etc.) and Vocational Education.

The educational material described includes not only pamphlets but films, slides, maps, and other illustrative material. The bulletin itself is illustrated with some 25 photographs of public buildings, natural wonders of America, mining and agricultural activities, road construction, etc., etc.

One section is given to the Pan American Union. Four pages are devoted to a concise summary of the educational service and materials supplied by the American Red Cross as carried out particularly through the organization of the Junior Red Cross in the schools.

### DEVELOPING CALENDAR ACTIVITIES Your Swimming Program

AS THE days grow warmer many more schools will wish to enter the Junior Red Cross swimming program. One of the first steps is the taking of a swimming census to determine the per cent of pupils already able to swim in grades 1-6, 7-9, and 10-12. A report of the results should be sent, through the local chapter (unless there is none), to National Headquarters or the Branch Office. States in which the work is supervised by National Headquarters include: Alabama, Connecticut, Delaware, Florida, Georgia, Indiana, Kentucky, District of Columbia, Louisiana, Maine, Maryland, Massachusetts, Mississippi, New Hampshire, New Jersey, New York, North Carolina, Ohio, Pennsylvania, Rhode Island, South Carolina, Tennessee, Virginia, Vermont, West Virginia.

Communications from states included under the San Francisco Branch should be addressed to: San Francisco Branch, American Red Cross, Grove and Larkin Streets, San Francisco, California. These states are: Alaska, Arizona, California, Idaho, Nevada, Oregon, Utah, Washington.

Communications from states included under the St. Louis Branch should be addressed to: St. Louis Branch, American Red Cross, 1709 Washington Avenue, St. Louis, Missouri. These states are: Arkansas, Colorado, Iowa, Illinois, Kansas, Michigan, Minnesota, Missouri, Montana, New Mexico, North Dakota, Nebraska, Oklahoma, South Dakota, Texas, Wisconsin, Wyoming.

The pamphlet, *Swimming for Health, Safety, and Fun*, (ARC 1017) was announced in the January Supplement. No doubt by this time many Juniors are gleefully shouting the Life Saving song.

### Sources of Material for Other Activities

By writing the President of the National Association of Audubon Societies, 1974 Broadway, New York City, and sending ten cents per member a manual and other material concerning birds may be procured.

The headquarters for the American Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals is 50 Madison Avenue, New York City. April 13-18 has been announced as "Kindness to Animals Week," and April 19 as "Humane Sunday."

The National Fire Protection Association, 40 Central St., Boston, Mass., publishes a Fire Prevention Week Handbook for 15 cents.

The Playground and Recreation Association of America, 315 Fourth Avenue, New York City, publishes an excellent booklet, called *Twelve Good Games*, for ten cents. These are outdoor games and require practically no equipment.



## THE APRIL NEWS IN THE SCHOOL

## Juniors of Other Lands

**T**HE story of Draga should be enjoyed first for the human interest. Draga's journey along the road that was a continuation of the Appian Way may be followed on a map, and the famous road connecting remote parts of the Roman Empire may be traced. Such reference study can be done as supplementary reading or in connection with World History. A discussion of the relation between roads of communication, and the spread of education will serve to bring out the deeper significance implicit in the account of Draga's adventuring. The story might well be marked especially for reference next fall, in connection with Education Week.

**The Girl on the Cover, pp. 113, 114, 128.**

## Child Health

**B**Y STUDYING the editorial, children may be led to understand the value of the May Day activities in which they join. A committee can report on the various suggestions found in the review of the *May Day Festival Book*, and investigate the book itself. The children may be given a voice in deciding on the simpler celebrations for their own rooms. The story of the Rat Family lends itself to "taking parts" and "acting out." In rural schools, the Juniors may assume leadership in planning a more important community May Day. Suggestions for celebrations, elaborate or simple as circumstances require, will be found in the *Festival Book* and *Plan Book*, each of which may be procured for ten cents from the American Child Health Association, 370 Seventh Avenue, New York.

Ideas for costumes may be suggested by the illustrations in Elizabeth Gordon's nature books: *Mother Earth's Children*, *Flower Children*, and *Bird Children* (P. F. Volland Co., Chicago). *Bird Children* has already been suggested (February Supplement) as an attractive introduction to identification of birds.

## Ambassador Jusserand's Gift and Message

**P**ERHAPS American Juniors will want to copy the special message from Ambassador Jusserand, in their book of service heroes, or to prepare a larger hand-decorated copy for their wall. Perhaps some group will plant a tree in honor of Monsieur and Madame Jusserand, reading the message to American children at the ceremony and thinking of the birds which will one day find homes in the branches.

**To American Red Cross Juniors.  
The Jusserand Bird Fountain, p. 121.**

Have your pupils engaged in finding quotations about trees and birds, as suggested on the March page of the Calendar. Such a search for beautiful lines and phrases is valuable in developing a sense of literary quality. Of still deeper worth, however, is the deepened enjoyment of Nature which results.

The letter on Lanier's Oak, especially, gives an opportunity to acquaint pupils with an author who has written of trees with more passion and beauty than any other poet.

Freedom in choice either of poems to be read aloud or of passages to be memorized increases the fun and adds to the educational value. The "pictures" in nature poems are sometimes discovered and made more real by such activities as drawing original illustrations or finding suitable cut-outs in magazines.

The following list of poems may give your Juniors a start in their search for quotations or for poems to use in programs:

*What Do We Plant?* Henry Abbey; *The Pine Tree*, Dorothy G. Ayres; *Pine Trees*, Maxwell Bodenheim; *The Planting of the Apple Tree*, William Cullen Bryant; *The Heart of the Tree*, Henry G. Bunner; *The Beech Tree's Petition*, Thomas Campbell; *Trees*, Bliss Carman; *Come, Little Leaves*, George Cooper; *The Poplar Field*, Cowper; *Birches*, Robert Frost; *Shade*, Theodosia Garrison; *The Lonely Tree*, Wilfred Wilson Gibson; *Aspects of the Pines*, William Hamilton Hayne; *Trees*, Joyce Kilmer; *The Tree Song A. D. 1200*, Rudyard Kipling; *A Ballad of Trees and the Master, Sunrise, Marshes of Glynn*, Lanier; *Apple Blossoms*, William Wesley Martin; *The Pear Tree*, Edna St. Vincent Millay; *The Oak*, Harriet Monroe; *Trees*, Harold Munro; *The Cedar*, Josephine Preston Peabody; *The Holly Tree*, Robert Southey; *Leaves*, Sara Teasdale; *When in the Woods I Wander All Alone*, Edward Hovell Thurlow; *The Foolish Fir Tree*, *Salute to the Trees*, Henry Van Dyke; *The Tree*, Jones Very.

Bird poems for reports may include:

*Robin Redbreast*, W. M. Allington; *To a Waterfowl*, William Cullen Bryant; *Grass Tops*, Witter Bynner; *Bird Poems*, Burroughs; *The Song of the Thrush*, T. A. Daly; *Forbearance*, Emerson; *The Cardinal Bird*, Arthur Guiterman; *The Darkling Thrush*, Thomas Hardy; *The Blackbird*, William Ernest Henley; *Stupidity Street*, Ralph Hodgson; *The Skylark*, James Hogg; *The Mocking Bird*, Lanier; *The Birds of Killingworth*, Longfellow; *Wild Geese*, Frederick Peterson; *Bird Song*, Laura E. Richards; *Hark, Hark, The Lark*, William Shakespeare; *The Skylark*, Shelley; *The Owl*, *The Thrush*, Alfred Tennyson; *The Sandpiper*, Celia Thaxter; *The Bluebird*, Maurice Thompson; *The Making of Birds*, Katherine Tynan; *The Maryland Yellowthroat*, Henry Van Dyke; *The Skylark*, Wordsworth.

## A PRODUCTION PROGRAM FOR NEXT YEAR

**T**HE INTERESTING account of service activities by New England Juniors (p. 125) suggests the value of laying plans for production work next year. The Junior chairman of your local chapter will be glad to prepare for schools a list of comforts for Veterans' Hospitals in your locality. By planning ahead, it may

be possible to allow a definite place in the program of manual arts classes for valuable service which carries a strong human appeal, and at the same time has a broad national significance. Needless to say, such a purpose will be invaluable in vitalizing the work of the classes involved.

# THE BAG OF FRESH AIR DREAMS\*

Hetty Lovejoy Sorden



*MOTHER: The daytime is for playing and reading, Child, and nighttime for sleeping and dreaming*

THE THREE SCENES all take place in a little girl's bedroom. The necessary properties include a bed or couch, a chair, bedside table, electric light or candle that may be lighted and blown out, book, and a curtained window which must appear to be open at some times and closed at other times. A small electric fan, off-stage, which can be directed on the curtains to make them blow, or a child fanning from the back-stage, will give the illusion of an opened window. When the window is supposed to be closed, the curtains will be still.

NO SPECIAL COSTUMES need to be made for either the little girl or her mother. The little girl wears a suit of one-piece sleeping pajamas over her underclothing. The mother is dressed in a neat house-dress, such as any mother might wear.

From head to foot the Fresh Air Spirit is dressed in a misty blue or gray or bluish gray suit, which may be made of cambric, sateen, or cheesecloth. His straight coat goes to the hips. The sleeves are tied in at the wrists, with small brass bells attached. The trousers are long and fit snugly. Over his shoes he wears moccasins of the same material. They have a slashed fringe around the top, and are tied at the ankles, also with bells. On his head he wears a short toboggan cap with several bells at the point.

CHARACTERS: Little Girl, Mother, Fresh Air Spirit, Moonbeams, Fireflies, Forest Birds, Children-Flowers, Sleepytown Boys and Girls.

## SCENE I

Just before the curtain rises a sweet, motherly voice is heard singing a lullaby. The curtain is drawn at the beginning of the second stanza. The first scene opens with the mother sitting in a comfortable chair, singing as she darns a sock belonging to the little girl. The little girl, dressed in cotton crêpe pajamas and bedroom slippers, is sitting on top of the bed, reading a large book.

MOTHER (singing):

### Lullaby

Slipping o'er mountains  
Folding up the wings of light,  
Past gurgling fountains  
Steals the shade of night.  
Young wren and starling  
Flutter to their mother's nest.  
Sleep, sleep, my darling,  
In soft slumber rest.

MOTHER (folding up the pair of socks she has been darning): There, the last big hole in the last little pair of socks is darned! And now it is time for the little girl who wears the big holes in the socks to go to sleep. Come, Dear, close the book and put it on the table.

LITTLE GIRL: But, Mother, I don't want to go to bed yet. I've just one more story to read. Please, mayn't I finish it?

MOTHER: No, Darling. It's eight o'clock now, and time you were asleep.

LITTLE GIRL: But, Mother, the story is about (she reads the title slowly) The Fresh Air Spirit and His

\* Reprinted from *Dramatizing Child Health*, by Grace T. Hallock. American Child Health Association. Copyright, 1925.

Bag of Dreams. Mayn't I just read it now? I'm so interested. (The little girl gets off the bed and walks toward her mother who is now standing.)

MOTHER: The daytime is for playing and reading, Child, and the nighttime for sleeping and dreaming. Come, I'll pull down the covers and tuck you in. (The mother gently takes the book from the little girl and puts it on the table. Then she turns down the covers, fluffs up the pillows, and stretches out her hand toward the little girl, who sits a bit sulkily in the chair, swinging her feet. The little girl walks to bed reluctantly, and her mother tucks her in. The mother kisses the little girl and turns toward the window.)

MOTHER: Now I'll open the window and let the fresh air in. (She opens window and the curtains begin to blow. Then she comes and stoops over the little girl.) Who knows, Darling, but that the Fresh Air Spirit may come to you to-

night and bring you his beautiful bag of dreams? See, the curtains are blowing now. Perhaps he is on his way and will be here very soon. Good night again, my dear—and sweet dreams.

LITTLE GIRL (throws her arms around her mother's neck): Good night, Mother dear. (Then she settles down under the covers. The mother turns off the light and goes out of the room. The little girl is quiet for a moment, then she sighs.)

LITTLE GIRL: But I'd much rather read about it tonight than have to wait until tomorrow. I'll just take one little peep anyway. (She turns on the light, sits up in bed, and opens the book.) Here it is (she begins to read, then shivers). Oo-oo, it's cold. I'll just put down the window for a minute (she gets out of bed, closes the window, gets back into bed, and continues to read. She turns over one page, then her eyes droop heavily, and she yawns; the book drops and the little girl's head falls back on the pillow. She sleeps.)

*Curtain*

#### SCENE 2

SCENE 2 is the same as Scene 1 except that over at the window stands a little figure, the Fresh Air Spirit, dressed in blue and gray with tiny bells on his cap, on his wrists and ankles. He is tugging at a large bag that is caught in the closed window. He beats with his hands against the window and pulls at the bag. The tiny bells tinkle.

FRESH AIR SPIRIT (sobbing): Oh, dear! What shall I do? I can't get it in and I can't get out. What shall I do? (He sobs again.)

LITTLE GIRL (sits up in bed and looks at him wonderingly): Oh, who are you?

FRESH AIR SPIRIT (starts with surprise and looks very frightened): I thought you were asleep.

LITTLE GIRL: Don't be afraid. I won't hurt you. But how did you get here, and who are you?

FRESH AIR SPIRIT: I am the Fresh Air Spirit.

Don't you remember me? Your mother was just talking about me. She wanted me to bring you my bag of fresh air dreams, and that's what I've brought. But now I know that you don't want it, for you shut the window on me just as I

was about to bring my bag of dreams in. Now my dreams are caught in the window and I can't get them in; and what is worse, I can't get out to take

them to all the other little girls and boys who are waiting for them. I shall lose a whole precious night here. Oh, it does seem too bad. (He begins to sob again.)

LITTLE GIRL: Please don't cry. It is not like you to cry, is it?

FRESH AIR SPIRIT (recovering his self-control): No, you're right. Thank you for reminding me. I should be behaving in a much more spirited manner. But, you see, I was so disappointed that I just forgot myself. There is so much that I could do tonight, if you would open the window and let my fresh air dreams in, or if my dreams and I could be on our way.

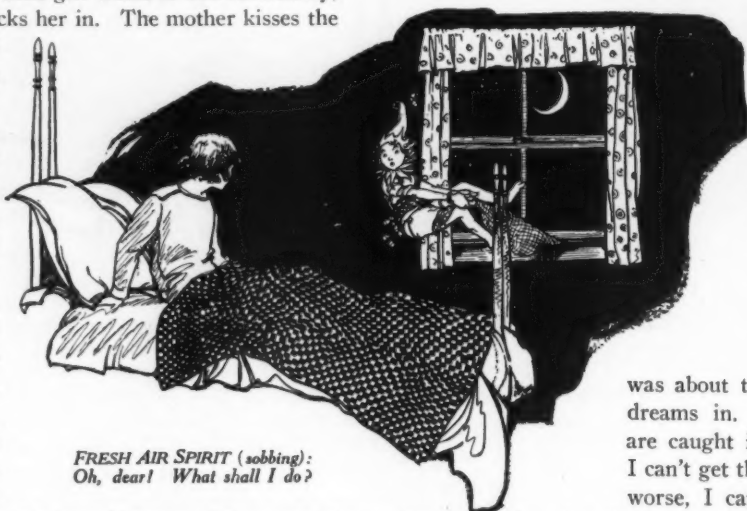
LITTLE GIRL (showing great interest): Tell me, what kind of dreams have you in the bag?

FRESH AIR SPIRIT (going toward her with great eagerness): Oh, I have a beautiful dream of moonbeams sifting through the trees.

LITTLE GIRL (considering): That must be quite a lovely dream. Just last night I saw the moon shine through the big oak tree. It made such a lovely flickering pattern on the walls. What other dreams have you?

FRESH AIR SPIRIT (with great earnestness): And I have a dream of fireflies dancing through the wheat.

LITTLE GIRL (delighted): Why I saw fireflies in the wheat at Aunt Mary's. They looked like funny little old gnomes jumping along with lanterns much too big for them. All I could see was their light flashing on and off, way up the fields. And have you another dream?



FRESH AIR SPIRIT (sobbing):  
Oh, dear! What shall I do?



FRESH AIR SPIRIT (intensely): And I have a dream of forest birds calling to their mates.

LITTLE GIRL (appreciatively): That must be a beautiful sounding dream. There are robins in the orchard and there is a little brown wren that has made her nest in the apple tree. We have mocking birds, too, in our garden. How I love to hear them sing. And have you still another dream in the bag?

FRESH AIR SPIRIT: I have a dream of beautiful children-flowers that blossom in the sunshine and fresh air.

LITTLE GIRL: Children-flowers? I've never heard of them. I know hollyhocks and hyacinths and the arbutus that we gather early in the spring. And, of course, I know daisies and roses and dandelions and, oh, ever so many more kinds of flowers, but I don't know children-flowers. I wonder whether they look like sunflowers with little girls' and little boys' faces in the center . . . I wonder. I think I should like to see that dream.

FRESH AIR SPIRIT: I have still another dream. It is the dream of Sleepytown with all its little night-capped boys and girls.

LITTLE GIRL (ecstatically): Oh! I know I'd love that dream. I have always wanted to see Sleepytown. Are you *sure* that dream is right outside now, in your bag? Will you let me have it, just for the night? Please. (All through this dialogue the little girl is sitting up in bed, getting more and more interested in the dreams of the Fresh Air Spirit.)

FRESH AIR SPIRIT (claps his hands in his happiness): Yes, of course! You remember I came to bring them for you and I was, oh, so hurt, when you shut them all out of the room. But just open the window now and let me out and then I will leave you this whole beautiful bagful of fresh air dreams. (The spirit moves toward the window in happy excitement and the little girl starts to get out of bed to open the window.)

LITTLE GIRL: Oh! how wonderful; of course, I'll open the window and let you bring in your bag of dreams!

### SCENE 3

THIS SCENE is the same as end of Scene 1. The little girl is lying asleep in an uncomfortable position; the light is still on and the window is still closed. The book is lying on the bed just where it dropped when the little girl fell asleep. The time is a few seconds before the time at the end of Scene 2. The little girl moves in her sleep, then starts up from her bed and repeats the last speech of Scene 2.

LITTLE GIRL: Oh! How wonderful; of course, I'll open the window and let you bring in your bag of dreams! (Then she rubs her eyes, blinks and slowly realizes that the Fresh Air Spirit has gone.) Oh!—I thought—I must have been asleep. It must be very late, too, and the lights are still on, and the room is so stuffy. I'm so sorry I closed the window. Mother wouldn't like it, if she knew that I had, and that I turned on the light to read after my bedtime. But I'll open the window this minute and put out the light and go fast asleep. (She goes over to the window, raises it, looks out for a minute, then holds out her hands.) Please, my Fresh Air Spirit, come again and bring me your bag of dreams . . . you promised me! My window is wide open, so come right in.

(She gets into bed, turns off the light and falls asleep. Each of the dreams the Fresh Air Spirit mentioned comes in and dances about the room to appropriate music. First come the moonbeams, then the fireflies, then the forest birds (there should be whistling accompaniments to the music for the forest birds), then the children-flowers, and last of all the Sleepytown boys and girls dressed in white outing flannel sleeping suits with hoods. At the end of their dance, a clock strikes eight times. They put their fingers to their lips and say, "Sh-h-h!") They cluster around the little girl's bed and sing very softly the lullaby sung in Scene 1. As they sing the last lines they quietly steal away. The little girl sleeps on, while the curtains of the open window blow.)

Curtain

End



They cluster around the little girl's bed and sing very softly

# SUGGESTIONS FOR MAY DAY FESTIVALS

THE EDITORIAL in this number of the NEWS tells us of the new meaning put into

*The Festival Book of the American  
Child Health Association*

the dear old celebrations of May Day. Children will still hang dainty paper baskets which they have made, filled with spring-time blossoms which they have gathered, on the doorknobs of their friends' houses. They will still ring the door-bell, cry "May basket!" and run to hide around the corner of the house. But this year there will be many other delightful things to do.

Juniors will enter into the May Day activities celebrating child health with zest and joy. They will have a splendid chance to show their communities the ways in which they have been keeping themselves "Fit for Service" the year around, and the ways in which they have been helping to bring health and happiness to other children all over the world, and in thus serving others have grown happier and happier themselves. On May Day their happiness can find expression in many beautiful and picturesque ways.

Presenting the lovely little play given in this number of the NEWS will be one way. In the Festival Book of the American Child Health Association suggestions for May fêtes, simple or elaborate, pageants and plays, folk dances and songs, games and athletic contests, are sketched. Window displays and floats are described. There are instructions for costuming. Every group of Juniors will find some kind of celebration, just the right size, big or little, in this Child Health Festival Book.

Most fascinating of all, perhaps, are the descriptions of old May Day customs in many lands; for, as well as being a "bridge" between the past and the future, May Day festivities may portray that wonderful bridge of friendship which Juniors have been building between themselves and children of other countries. In the Festival Book they will find the old stories of the May Tree, or May Pole, about which they will romp, and also suggestions for combining Arbor Day activities with these May Tree celebrations.

They will learn how, in old England, little girls carried intersecting hoops of flowers in which was placed

a doll dressed in white. Throughout Provence, in France, May trees are still set up on May Day in every field and hamlet. In Alsace a little girl is chosen for the "little May rose." Dressed in white, she carries a small May tree decked with garlands and ribbons. In Bohemia, girls dressed in white, with flowers in their hair, lead about their May Queen, dancing and singing as they go. The tradition of the May Queen is an old one, and the observance of this custom is a favorite in many places.

In Sweden, on May eve, the boys, led by the village fiddler, go about carrying sprays of birch with dainty new leaves, and sing May songs. In some countries a boy is decked to represent a tree. Among some of the Slavs he is called *Green George*, and, clad in green birch branches, leads a gay parade. At the close of the procession he slips out of his costume so cleverly that no one sees him escape, and the leafy effigy is tossed into the water. In Ruhla, children choose one of their playmates, twine him with branches till all but the toes of his shoes are covered, and lead him at the head of a procession of dancing singing children. In a village near Salzwedel, boys race to reach the May tree which has been set up, and the winner is crowned



*It is really fun to make a flower garden*

"May King" with a garland of flowers around his neck. In other places the May King is carried on a wooden frame decorated with boughs and flowers.

In some places the May celebration takes the form of a mock battle between Winter and Spring, in which Spring conquers. These are only a few of the suggestions in the Festival Book.

One more example which will serve to illustrate the variety of ingenious ideas is the account of a pageant given by little children of Athens, Georgia, in the amphitheater of the Georgia State College of Agriculture. The episodes were:

- (a) Battle between Jack Frost Sprites and Sunbeam Fairies. Jack Frost is vanquished.
- (b) Rain clouds float down hillsides.
- (c) Pussy-willows climb trees and settle on the branches.



# OUR GOOD FRIENDS—THE TREES

THE JUNIOR RED CROSS NEWS would like to receive from Juniors in all parts of the United States descriptions of historical or beautiful trees in their localities, similar to the descriptions by Juniors from Brunswick, Ga., given below. Now is an appropriate time to prepare such descriptions and send them in for use in the pages of the News from time to time, thus keeping alive throughout the year the interest in the preservation of trees. Trees afford an interesting topic for correspondence with Juniors in foreign lands also, and if descriptions like those given below are included in portfolios sent abroad, perhaps similar descriptions may be received from our foreign friends. The following descriptions were taken from a portfolio sent to France by the Juniors of Brunswick, Georgia:

## WESLEY'S OAK

AROUND THE CITY of Brunswick, Georgia, there are many beautiful and noted oak trees. Three of the most historic are Lover's Oak, Lanier's Oak, and Wesley's Oak.

Probably the oldest and most noted is Wesley's Oak.

This tree got its name from John Wesley, who came over from England as missionary to the Indians, with Oglethorpe, the founder of Georgia. They landed in 1732. John Wesley preached some of his sermons under the sheltering branches of the friendly oak that now bears his name.

The tree itself does not stand, but a portion of the trunk can be seen.

It is on a lonely country road surrounded by bushes and trees of every description. Not far from the tree there is an old church built not long after the tree served as an altar.

Great reverence is paid to this tree because it is so historic and because everyone loved John Wesley for his wonderful work. Many people come from near by to see and hear about this oak.

ELIZABETH WINGATE,  
Seventh Grade.

## LOVER'S OAK

LOVER'S OAK is one of the most beautiful oaks in Brunswick. It is a large tree with spreading branches. The moss hanging from its branches makes it look as though it were weeping. It has been standing a long, long time, even before Columbus discovered America. There is a beautiful legend connected with this venerable oak.

Long ago, around this section was the famous hunting ground of the Indians. Even before the white people came to settle Georgia, there were two warring Indian tribes, the Cherokees and Creeks, who were frequently on the war path. They had many wars about their hunting grounds. The Indian maidens and Indian warriors were not supposed to marry out of their own tribes. But it happened at this time that an Indian Prince of the Creek tribe was very much in love with the Princess of the Cherokee tribe; but they were not allowed to see one another. He was so grieved that he said he would kill himself, but the Princess heard and said she would die with him. She left her own tribe and met him under this tree. They shot themselves with arrows and died together.

It is said they were buried under the branches of Lover's Oak.

ETHELYN BERRIE,  
Seventh Grade.



Denver Tourist Bureau

*Trees have a lovely way of pointing out the beautiful*

## LANIER'S OAK

THIS FAMOUS TREE is located on the Dixie Highway, Brunswick, Glynn County, Georgia. It is called Lanier's Oak and is pointed out to tourists as the oak under which Sidney Lanier, the South's greatest poet, sat and dreamed while

he received inspiration for the beautiful and remarkable poem, "The Marshes of Glynn." I doubt if there is a place in the United States or England that Sidney Lanier is not known and loved, especially by those who have read his uplifting and soul-inspiring poems. Brunswick appreciates this oak and takes pride in trying to preserve it and pointing it out.

MARIE WHITTLE,  
Seventh Grade.

# THE CARDINAL AND OTHER BIRDS

EDITOR'S NOTE: Birds are tireless travelers, the most of them, and joyous musicians; many of them, too, dress in gayest feathers. Small wonder, then, that Juniors like to write about them in their correspondence. Two of the letters on this page, The Kentucky Cardinal and The Bobolink, came in a portfolio from New Hampton School, New Hampton, Iowa. The third, Morning Songs, is from Ecole de Filles, Cauderon Mairie (Gironde) France.

## Letters by Juniors

cages, but they do not do that any more.

### MORNING SONGS

**Y**ESTERDAY MORNING when I opened my eyes a faint ray of light came into my room. I got up at once and opened the shutters. A delightful freshness was apparent; after rubbing my eyes I leaned out of the window and looked at the country. The shadowy veil of night was rising and a charming sight met my eyes.

The first rays of the sun turned into diamonds the drops of dew on the grass; the flowers opened wide to the sun their petals; at this moment everything was calm and beautiful; the country had put on her loveliest dress.

The silence of this morning hour was disturbed by the melodious trills of the nightingale; the charming chirps of little birds, and by the songs of numerous other birds, by the "coo-coo" of a little hidden bird. All formed a harmonious and delicious concert which had a very small audience. Here and there a swallow cut through the air towards the ground to look for some fluff or wool—his work; others flew about to pick up seeds which will be welcomed by the little ones. I was interrupted in my reverie by the song of a laborer passing in the street near by.

### THE KENTUCKY CARDINAL

**A**LTHOUGH THIS BIRD is generally known by the name of the Kentucky cardinal, do not think that Kentucky is the only State he lives in, for he is right in our own State, Iowa.

The cardinal is a little smaller than the robin, and has brilliant red plumage, all except a black band around the chin and the base of the bill. The bill is a dull orange. People used to catch them and put them in

The female is beautiful, but her coat is not so brilliant and attractive as her mate's. It is said at times that she outrivals her mate in singing. Their song sounds like "Good cheer, Good cheer." The word cheer sounds like the notes of a fife. The female's coat is a dull olive green with dull red patches on the wings. In the winter the male's color changes, the wings become gray and the beautiful red coat fades.

The cardinal belongs to the grosbeak family, but the cardinal never migrates when the grosbeak does. They live upon the seeds and berries of the bushes and trees, especially the laurel bush. They forage in the grain fields according to the season. The cardinal ranks as one of the most beautiful birds in our State.

### THE BOBOLINK

**T**HE BOBOLINK is somewhat smaller than the robin. The male bird in spring is a beautiful black and buff with a slight touch of white, while the female is a striped sparrow-like bird. The young are all the color of the mother bird and the males later change their color.

The song is a very cheerful one. It resembles, in words, the phrase, "bobolink, bobolink, spink, spank, spink." It is from his song that he gets his name. He is heard mostly during the months of August and September, although his song occasionally rings upon the air in May.

In the Northern States he is liked very well and is protected by the Government. In the North he destroys many harmful insects, while in the South he employs himself in destroying the rice when it is sprouting and when it is ripening. Because of this latter trait he is liked very well and is called the rice-bird or reedbird. When he passes through Jamaica on his way North and again on his way South, he is known as the butterbird because he is so fat. He winters south of the Amazon and also in southwestern Brazil.



"One of the most beautiful birds in our State"

# FRIEND TO BIRDS AND CHILDREN



DEDICATED TO THE BIRDS OF PINEY BRANCH  
BY

Elsie and Jules Jusserand  
1903-1925

THE BIRD FOUNTAIN bearing this inscription was presented in January to the John Dickson Home (for aged men) in Washington, D. C., by Ambassador Jusserand, when he was about to return to France after twenty-two years' residence in the United States.

The John Dickson Home is located on the Piney Branch Road, where Ambassador and Mme. Jusserand had loved to walk together, partly because it was a favorite haunt of their friends, the birds. In his speech of presentation M. Jusserand told the way in which he and his wife had come to think of this gift and to choose the site for it.

"During the sad years of the Great War," he said, "when so much anxiety fell to our lot, we tried each day, my wife and I, to set apart half an hour for a walk in the by-paths around Washington, and there we tried to forget for a moment our gnawing anxieties. The peace of these simple surroundings, trees, plants and birds, was a rest for our souls and a tonic for our hearts.

"We are soon to leave the country, which we have loved more and more as the years have passed, and whose generous valor when her own soul was put to the test, filled us with grateful admiration. At this

moment of parting we remember those humble friends of the days of our sorrow, those birds whom we met in large numbers in lanes, some of which have ceased to be lanes and are now streets lined with houses; but birds are faithful to their haunts and are still numerous there.

"One of our favorite walks was in the Piney Branch region, and we should like to leave as a parting souvenir to our feathered friends something that might be useful to them. There is in the John Dickson Home, on the Piney Branch Road, to the right when you look from the road toward the building, an empty space where we have often noticed the birds are numerous. Our little fountain is now erected there, with an inscription on the rim to remind the birds—such at least as may know how to read—of our sentiments for them. Our hope is that the gathering of the birds around the fountain will be a source of pleasure for the citizens of the District living in the Home."

The bird fountain is four and a half feet high and is so situated that residents of the Home can watch the song-birds as they gather around it.

Dr. Harvey W. Wiley, a trustee for the Home, declared that the birds would soon be chirping, "Where are our friends?"

(Continued on page 122)

## TO AMERICAN RED CROSS JUNIORS

*What I would chiefly say to the children of America is that the main thing in order to lead a happy life is to try to sow happiness around oneself: "As you have sown, so shall you reap." The man who wants food must take trouble in order to get it; the man who wants to be happy must do his best so as to be surrounded by happy faces. Happiness is catching, so is sourness. Yours it is to decide what you want to catch.*

*This remark applies to beings of all sorts, whether they be men and women, relatives or strangers, or even animals like our feathered friends, or any other creatures of God. The nicer you are to fellow inhabitants of this globe, the more pleasant will be your lives.*

*People who grow up thinking chiefly of themselves may reach success and yet that is not sure, but they will not reach happiness, because those who love their own-selves too much, cannot be loved by anyone else; around the egotist, the desert spreads far and wide.*

*But there is no need to fear; American children mean to become good American citizens, and one of the traits of the good American citizen is his generosity.*

*Jusserand*

*Ambassador Jusserand's message was written expressly for publication in the Junior Red Cross News to express his appreciation of the deep and growing affection between children of the United States and of France, evidenced particularly by their international school correspondence.*



# AMERICAN JUNIOR RED CROSS NEWS

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VOL. 6 APRIL, 1925 NO. 8

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Director of Junior Red Cross Publications

## EDITORIAL

### A MAY-DAY OF PROMISE

EVERY TODAY is like a bridge. It spans the distances between a yesterday and a tomorrow. But on most days people are so busy just living a particular twenty-four hours that they seldom pause to think back or to plan ahead unless someone reminds them to do so.

This year the first day of May has been set aside as Every Child's day. For children, May-day is to be a day of joyous festivity. The blossoming of spring will be heralded by boys and girls throughout America. Gay May-pole dances, plays and pageants will be given in schools, churches and parks. Everywhere children will celebrate May-day's message of hope and promise.

The daisy is the May-day flower. Because of its simplicity, its fresh white petals and its sunshiny heart, this little field flower has been honored above all other flowers of the garden. Children and daisies have much in common. Both need sunshine, fresh air, proper food, and protection against harm, in order to grow and blossom, to be sturdy and beautiful. The same warm sun and green fields are needed to give both of them strength, color, and radiance. The fruits, vegetables and cereals of a child's diet, and the milk which the cow manufactures from sweet grasses and grains come from the ground. Kind Mother Earth feeds the child, no less than she feeds the flower.

Grown-up people in the United States, as well as children, are being asked to take part in the May-day celebration. Mothers and fathers, mayors, governors, teachers, doctors, nurses, and indeed every man and

woman from the President of the United States to the corner grocer will think at the time, it is hoped, of something to do to add to the lasting health and happiness of the children of America.

As this day bridges the past to merge it into the future, people in every city and town will pause to look back and consider how well they have been guarding the health and happiness of their children and to look ahead and plan what they ought to do next. The services of more doctors, nurses, and health centers are needed to keep children well and to care for them when they become ill. Milk and water need to be made clean and pure everywhere, so that children may drink them safely. Better quarantine laws need to be made and enforced throughout the land so that people likely to spread contagious diseases will be forced to remain apart from other people until all danger of spreading the disease has passed.

Conditions need to be improved in many schools so that every school building will be a safe and healthful place for children. Every boy and girl needs a chance to learn in school to desire to be strong and healthy and to know how to become so. More playgrounds need to be provided until each child has a chance to play safely out of doors.

At the suggestion of the American Child Health Association, May-day has been set aside again this year, as it was last year, so that the best thought of the entire nation will be turned upon such matters as these. Members of the Junior Red Cross have been doing their part all year around, this year as well as in the past, to try to bring about the realization of the ideal, *a happy childhood the world over*. On May-day they will join hands with all children and with the grown-up people in their communities to spread the ideals in which they believe so sincerely.

Hetty Lovejoy Sorden.

### Friend to Birds and Children

(Continued from page 121)

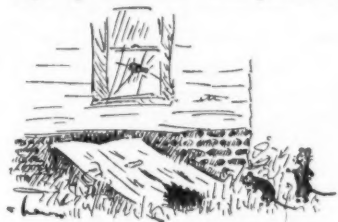
"We appreciate," said Dr. Wiley, "the spirit in which Ambassador and Mme. Jusserand have left this remembrance for the birds, and I can assure them it will also serve as a remembrance to the residents of the Home and the city as well."

"It is particularly gratifying," said Mr. Edson, another member of the Board of Trustees for the Home, "that our friends should select the plot of grass at the John Dickson Home for the site of their remembrance to the song-birds of Washington. . . . We, as well as the birds of the city, will have a constant reminder of their generosity and friendship in the fountain which stands on the lawn."

If birds gather in solemn parliament, as they were long ago said to gather, no doubt they are now holding their own assembly at the Jusserand fountain, passing resolutions of appreciation and framing messages of international good-will to the birds of France.

# MR. AND MRS. BROWN RAT

MR. AND MRS. BROWN RAT walked up the gravel path rather gingerly. "It is always best to watch one's step when one goes house hunting," said Mr. Brown Rat to his fat, sleek wife. "Just stand here a minute, my dear, and look about. Did you ever see a more delightful place? There is nothing that's kept up about it. The porch is falling to pieces, the steps have delightful holes in them and the cellar door; ah, the cellar door, my dear, is a work of art. With my good teeth—and one could not wish for a better set of carpenter's tools—I



*Did you ever see a more delightful place?*

have carved a gateway out of it which will do justice to a queen. Right this way, my dear, and you shall see for yourself."

"I suppose it looks all right," said Mrs. Brown Rat, as she stood before the cellar door. "But where is the garbage pail, and where are we to get the dainty bits of food that humans leave around if nobody lives in the house? Remember my bringing up. I am not an ordinary rat. I have been fed on the fat of the land. The folks on whose grounds my family made their home did not have particularly much sense. Ah, they were ideal people to live with! They carelessly and freely left food around. They raised lots of sweet, juicy little chickens and never by any chance counted one of them; so, of course, they were not missed when my family ate them up. And eggs, my dear! We have had eggs when there were none to be had in the markets for love nor money. It was an ideal place to live, but, of course, when a rat marries she must give up her home and follow her husband. And though I think you are the best judge in the world, my dear, I must say I cannot see how you came to pick out a deserted, tumble-down house like this without even a garbage pail in sight." At this point Mrs. Brown Rat's feelings overcame her and she fell to weeping copiously.

"Please stop, Squeaky," begged her new husband. Squeaky was Mr. Brown Rat's pet name for his wife. "Things are not half as bad as they seem. I picked out this place purposely. My motto is 'safety first.' The farther away I am from man, no matter how little sense he may have, the better I like it. When you once see the lovely winter apartment I intend to build for you in the cellar you will never shed another tear. But just let me show you the summer home which is ours for the asking. It is under the back porch and a healthier place to raise children



*It would be better if we both went back*

in, it has never been my lot to see before."

The end of Mr. and Mrs. Brown Rat's tails had just disappeared under the back porch when around the corner of the house came Jack and Jill Horner. Jill was speaking. "It may look like a tumbled-down house now, Jack, but you wait and see what Father is going to do. It will be the finest place around when he gets through."

"Well, it's a regular old rat trap now, at any rate," said Jack. "Look at that hole in the cellar door. It has recently been gnawed by a good-sized rat. As a member of the Junior Red Cross, I know all about rats, since our campaign against them last summer. Why, just one rat, Jill, can produce sixty other rats in a year. The board of a rat comes to about one-half a cent a day. That amounts to \$1.83 a year or there is something the matter with my arithmetic. If there were 100,000,000 rats around this place, it would cost Father something like \$183,000,000 a year to feed them."

"Oh, Jack, you are too funny," laughed Jill. "Your figures may be right, but I am sure there are not 100,000,000 rats around this house. And if there are, they won't stay long when they know the things that are going to happen to them. Father says he won't have a rat on the place. Rats are among the worst carriers of disease germs we have, you know, besides being most destructive to people's property. That is the reason the windows and doors of our house are to be screened with heavy iron wire and there is to be a solid foundation of stone or concrete laid around it. We are to keep a terrier, too. They are wonderful at scaring rats away. Cats and owls and hawks are good rat fighters also. That is why Father hates to see hawks killed, even though they do eat chickens. I'm not very keen on poisoning rats, for so often the wrong animal gets it. Anyway I hate the thought of poisoning things. There wouldn't be any need for it either if people kept all food carefully covered, and their grounds and homes in good order, and saw to it that the directions our government has laid down about rats were carried out."



*"Listen to them! Listen to them!" sobbed Mrs. Brown Rat*

"Listen to them! Listen to them!" sobbed Mrs. Brown Rat in her husband's ear! "I think it would be better if we both went back home," said Mr. Brown Rat, sadly.

# PLAYING GAMES WITH JUNIORS

## A Letter from the Gymnasium

Kisujaszallas, Hungary

In this letter I should like to tell you about some of our games.

(1) A game called "Kim." We put all manner of things on the table, as scissors, India-rubbers, penknives, and other small articles, which are covered over with a cloth. Now the boys are called in, the cloth withdrawn for a minute or two, then the table is covered over once again. Now every boy must write down what he saw on the table, and he who remembers most of the things is the winner.

(2) "Where Is Jack?" This is a game for the playground. The eyes of two boys are bound and a circle

is formed around the blindfolded boys. One is handed a whip, the other a whistle. The object is for the one with the whip to strike the other who is whistling.

(3) This is a very jolly game, we call "Nations." Five or more can play it. A hole is dug in the ground in which there is room for a good-sized ball. Every player chooses the name of a nation—for instance, Hungary, Germany, Italy, etc. (or other names may be used if liked, as Sun, Moon, etc.). Every player has a right to five throws; we say he has five skins. When the umpire calls the name of a player, he snatches the ball and tries to hit one of the others. If he succeeds, the one hit has lost a "skin;" if he misses, the thrower loses one.



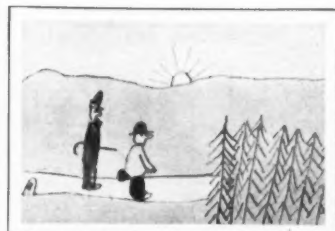
## THE COBBLER AND THE TAILOR

Marshal School, Graz, Styria, Austria

**T**HIS STORY was invented, written, and drawn by a boy ten years old in the fourth grade of the Marshal school,



*A cobbler and a tailor went out for adventure*



*They came to a wood*

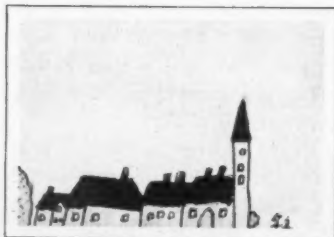


*There they were attacked by robbers*

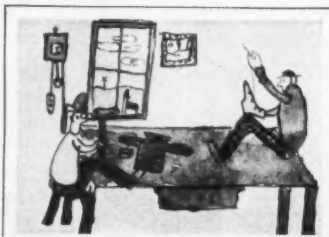


*There they march off*

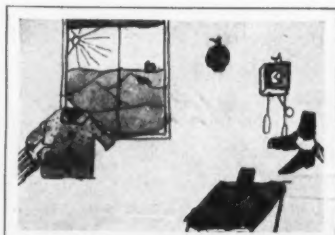
*The robbers had cut off their heads, but the robber woman glued them on again. But she made a mistake, fixing the cobbler's head to the tailor's body and the tailor's head to the cobbler's.*



*They approach a village where they both get work*



*There they are working*



*The cobbler made coats of leather and the tailor shoes of stuff*



# AMERICAN JUNIORS AT HOME

FROM A LETTER that passed from the Merrill School, Memphis, Tenn., to a school in Budapest, Hungary, we learn the following:

"The children of the 6-1 and 6-2 grades of Merrill School have recently built a little theater. It is a perfect little structure in every detail. The little theater was made by the plans from a blueprint. Andy Hill and Fred Kemberlin, 6-1 boys, did most of the work of building the theater in their art classes. The girls painted the puppets and the scenery. The little people that act on this stage are puppets not more than 6 or 8 inches tall. So far the puppets have acted three plays on this stage. One play teaches children safety on the street, while another teaches safety in the home."

JOHNSTOWN, PA., has a school paper known as the "Johnstown School News," published weekly by pupils of the elementary schools. It is printed at the Johnstown Vocational School printshop. The January 30th issue of this school paper was a Junior Red Cross number, practically the entire contents consisting of contributions from children of all grades relating to various phases of Junior Red Cross work.

Juniors can perform a real service by arranging to have Junior Red Cross items published in their school papers.

JUNIORS OF NEW ENGLAND are doing so many interesting things that it would require a whole issue of the NEWS to tell about them.

In Salem, Mass., they have started a lending library on Junior Red Cross work. The children are beginning to use this library in connection with their English composition work.

At Southampton, Mass., when the Children's Aid Society sent an appeal for vegetables, the children were asked if they would not contribute some of the vegetables raised in their own gardens. The response was wonderful. There was great excitement the day they were to bring the vegetables, some of the children bringing baskets full, and some of the parents even appearing bearing their contributions. The Juniors were delighted later on to receive letters of thanks from the children who received the vegetables.

The Juniors of Wilton, N. H., have sent postcards, ice-cream cones, and puzzles to schoolmates kept at home with bad colds. By the per-



*Parade of the pupils of the Tubigon Central Elementary School, Philippine Islands, at the opening of the Junior Red Cross Roll Call. The 707 pupils in this school are all members. Almost 2,000 pupils in the town of Tubigon belong to the Junior Red Cross*

formance of various kinds of services money was earned until \$4.00 was collected, and a committee was appointed who purchased a bathrobe for a little sick girl.

In Linden, Vt., the Juniors gave a corn roast and box supper, to which they invited their parents and friends for the purpose of raising money necessary for some of their projects, which included buying sanitary water coolers, first-aid boxes, and new pictures for the schoolrooms, and sending sunshine baskets to sick children. They also packed baskets for needy families, sent valentines to sick children, and filled fifty Christmas boxes.

The Juniors at East Lebanon, Me., sent in a Christmas box containing 113 toys and 25 balsam pillows which they themselves had made. There is nothing more reminiscent of the great outdoors than the smell of balsam, and think of the delight these pillows will bring to the shut-in ex-service men to whom they were sent!



*The youngest Junior Red Cross Auxiliary in the Philippine Islands. They are in the kindergarten of St. Luke's Hospital Mission at Manila*

THE RURAL SCHOOLS of Cass County, N. D., are 100 per cent Junior Red Cross, and are very active. A hundred Christmas boxes were filled and sent to Headquarters in December. Children in the Fargo Hospital were remembered with picture books and the sick in the community were given attractive baskets of dainty food. The spirit that prompted the giving was appreciated to the point of tears. The County Superintendent of Schools writes that for an enlarged vision of service the Cass County schools are indebted to the American Red Cross.

# JUNIORS OF OTHER LANDS

THE PRESIDENT of the Red Cross of Jugo-Slavia writes:

"We shall continue to develop our Junior section, the success of which is due in the largest part to the generous help of the children of the United States, and we have great hopes of its activity, which has already achieved satisfying results."

THE JUNIOR RED CROSS monthly of Czechoslovakia contains a letter from the Red Cross Juniors of Tábor, Bohemia. "There is no place in Bohemia, outside of Prague, that is more memorable than Tábor and its environments—once the very home of the glory of Czech history. Its melancholy pine forests seem even to this day to whisper an echo of the word of the great preacher," John Huss, who lived there 500 years ago. Judging from the letter to which we have referred, and which is quoted below, there is no place where the Junior Red Cross spirit is more in evidence at the present time.

"We recall," write the Tábor Juniors, "the fact that it was from Tábor that there went forward the 'Warriors of God,' the fighters for truth and righteousness. We, too, desire and promise to augment their ranks. We do not need today, however, to fight with swords, but with helping hands, ready to support the aged and feeble, to aid some sick boy or girl comrade, to give water to the thirsty, to help others in their work.

"In the Junior Red Cross at Tábor there are over 2000 of us, embracing practically all the boys and girls of the elementary and upper-elementary schools, the grammar school, the modern school, and the girls' school.

"What have we done so far?

"First of all, we have endeavored to make life pleasanter for ourselves and our whole neighborhood. We have paid particular attention to personal cleanliness. Then, we have seen to our class-rooms, our schools and streets being nice and tidy, and have grown flowers in garden beds and in our windows.

"We have opened our hearts to sympathize with our school fellows who are in distress and have hastened to help them. We have given them warm soup and other food; we have provided them with warm garments. Our Junior girls have made garments for the inmates of orphanages and for the children in a sanatorium for tubercular children. Some



*Junior Red Cross parade on "Red Cross Day" in Jugo-Slavia*

of us have also taken flowers and books to the local hospital to brighten the stay there of sick children.

"When some of the boys and girls were unable to afford the cost of sharing in an excursion for study purposes, we paid their fares out of the Junior class fund and the excursion was doubly enjoyable for us all.

"We have not forgotten our needy brothers and sisters in Slovakia, in Carpathian Ruthenia, in Silesia, and in Russia. We have remembered the Czech children in German districts of this country, as well as the Czech children in Germany and in Vienna. We have sent them clothes, money, food, toys, and Czech books.

"When we wanted money for all of these things we gave a theatrical performance, or we entertained children and grown-ups, too, with our Marionette Show, and everyone readily gave something.

"And when it happened that we had money over, what did we do with it? We like to read and books are very dear. We, therefore, made little gifts to the school library. We heard in school how nice it would be to have a magic lantern, but they are very dear. We put together all the money raised by our theatricals so that our wish could speedily be fulfilled.

"Thus we worked and helped, and how many happy moments we have given ourselves and others it is quite impossible to say.

"Pay us a visit! We give you a hearty invitation. We will take you into our schools where we will show you some of the results of our Junior work. We will discuss our aims and plans with you and give one another mutual encouragement and will promise that, as good friends for all future, we will labor together for the splendid idea of fraternity in love and peace among all people."



*Junior Red Cross exhibit in Jugo-Slavia*

# MESSENGERS OF SERVICE

THE JUNIOR RED CROSS of Bell County, Texas, recently put on a very interesting play written by their Public Health Nurse, Miss Arline McDonnold. The play was designed to give to the people of the county whose slogan is "service" and "who have an intense interest in the development of their children, a glimpse of the work done by the Red Cross through the Junior organization." The play was written originally to be given before the Rotary Club, where it made such an impression that requests from various civic organizations were received for its repetition. Altogether it was presented nine times in two towns of Bell County.

The characters of the play are King Health and Happiness, Fairy Contentment, A Herald of Happiness, A Herald of Health, and seven Pages attending the Herald of Health. The opening of the play discovers the Good King Health and Happiness discouraged in his work. He has sent his Heralds abroad early, but they have as yet brought him no good news of his Kingdom. "I know that a life of unselfish labor is the kind to save our people," he says. "It is not the work I mind, but no one ever tells me whether I am succeeding or not."

The Fairy Contentment enters, sympathizes with his discouragement, and brings him cheer. She calls in the Heralds of Health and Happiness. The Herald of Happiness recounts his adventures in helping people of the Kingdom to solve their problems of unhappiness. Although these experiences are sometimes discouraging, he finds many things to cheer him, particularly when he finds members of the Junior Red Cross taking gifts to the sick and spreading happiness among all. "When I see children doing the things I ask them to do, I am full of hope," says the Herald of Happiness. "Their action makes it possible for me to continue to carry cheer."

The Herald of Health is summoned and tells the King about the Junior Fit-for-Service Clubs, reporting

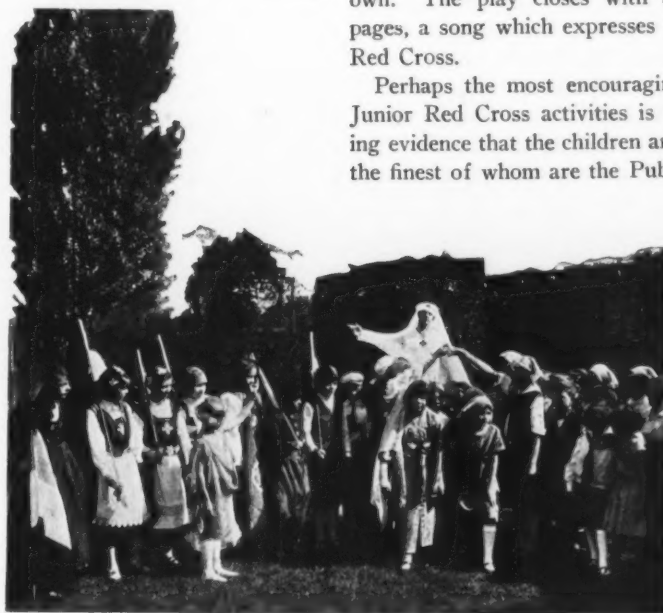
the health activities which he has been made glad by seeing. His pages enter and in turn tell the King how they teach the children cleanliness, care of the teeth, the value of sleep, the necessity of eating vegetables, of drinking milk daily, of drinking water freely, and of playing out-of-doors.

The King takes heart and feels that he can work with a greater spirit to make all children subjects of his Kingdom.

Then Fairy Contentment tells him that these children are learning through experience that the secret of happiness is service to others. She speaks of the "world friendship" growing up among children, and explains to him how the children are learning through interschool correspondence to understand and sympathize with points of view and customs different from their own. The play closes with a service song by the pages, a song which expresses the spirit of the Junior Red Cross.

Perhaps the most encouraging word possible about Junior Red Cross activities is such news as this, giving evidence that the children and their leaders (among the finest of whom are the Public Health Nurses) not

only have a deep understanding of Junior ideals, but are able to interpret them so successfully, adapting the interpretation to the needs of their own particular localities.



*Scene from the Red Cross Pageant, Washington, D. C., October 6, 1924*

## Suggestions for May Day Festivals

(From page 118)

(d) Song birds in vivid color fly by.

- (e) Small boys as gardeners plant seeds.
- (f) Butterflies flit through the garden.
- (g) Mistress Mary, in sunbonnet and apron, waters the flowers.
- (h) Troop of children proclaim Mistress Mary as Queen of the May.
- (i) Little attendants remove her bonnet and apron and crown her with flowers.
- (j) The Queen is escorted to her throne.
- (k) Birds, butterflies, and flowers are grouped around her while a program is given for the May Queen's pleasure. This program consists of folk dances, songs, and athletic events, concluding with a May Pole dance.



## THE GIRL ON THE COVER

(Continued from page 114)

looking like an outcrop of stones on the hillside, and after coffee and sour milk in the inn, stretched out on the floor of the wagon, pulling the blankets over them.

On the third day they came to Monastir, to Draga and Dushan a bewildering and beautiful place. The next day was market day and their mother could go home in company with friends. So, hurriedly, with many embraces, she left Draga on the school's threshold, feeling small and alone in spite of the crowd of new faces around her.

A month passed. First examinations were over.

Draga's parents were to come that day and they would be told whether or not she had passed. Draga did not know, and was afraid to ask. At one minute she trembled with the hope that she had not passed, so that she might travel back in the ox-cart with her parents to the golden-lighted court, the shadowy kitchen, and the sweet, musty smell of grapes. Then she shriveled with shame at the thought of failure. Besides, she was beginning to love the school life; the fresh, clean dormitory where they slept with open windows; the team work of study and play; and the evening hour when they all sat on the floor and told stories before going to bed. Besides, she had learned with surprise that Bulgarian girls are as nice as Serbians. There were several in the school and one of them, Boiana, had been her friend from the start. This seemed strange, for she had always heard that Bulgars were evil and hostile people.

Fearing that her mother might find her strange with her bobbed hair and straight gingham dress, Draga donned her Macedonian garments. The embroidery on her tunic was of an ancient pattern called "Marko, the King's Son." Marko was a national hero of chivalry and romance, a Serbian Prince who had lost a crown rather than tell a lie. His home had been in Macedonia over five hundred years ago, but "Marko's

pattern" had been handed down from one generation of Serbian women to another, each proud to wear it, as Draga was today. The sleeveless jacket which she wore over her tunic was a clear red, like the peppers strung against the white walls of her home, and wound around her waist was a rope of black wool to keep her brilliant girdle in place.

Back of the school playground there was a high brick wall with a small, green door. It led into a quiet, neglected garden, like something in a book. There was a well in the center; gourds and spiked flowers, purple and white, grew in the rank grass, and crooked plum trees traced blue shadows on the walls which shut the garden away from the clatter of the streets. This was the Paradise of a large family of rabbits, and when Draga felt homesick she slipped away to feed them with scraps of red peppers begged from the cook—for all Macedonians, down to the rabbits, love peppers.

Draga had begun to feel the charm of order and cleanliness, but she missed the animals which were a part of the family at home, and which she had fed and cared for all her life. She was torn between a longing to go back to her home and a real love for the life in school. Her examination marks would decide which it would be.

While the rabbits were nibbling their peppers someone came running to the green door. "Draga, your father and mother are here!"

Her mother bent over her, smothering her with kisses, enveloping her in the soft, white folds of her headdress. "Oh, what a clever girl, to pass in everything, even the strange English!" she whispered, and her father's eyes shone proudly upon her.

Suddenly Draga knew how glad she was to stay, how proud that she could hold her place among the other girls. And she realized that her parents, too, as much as they missed her, would rather leave her than take her back. Together they were all working for the future.



*People traveling in an ox-cart driven by a barefooted boy had nothing to fear*

